

By Rex Beach

## The Silver Horde

Copyright, 1909, by Harper &amp; Brothers.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.  
Boyd Emerson and "Fingerless" Fraser enter Kalvik, Alaska, and meet a young white woman, Cherry Malotte, who shelters them.

(Continued From Saturday.)

Late one stormy night—Constantine had been gone a week—the two men whom they were expecting blew in through the blinding snow. Boyd refused rest or nourishment until he had learned why Cherry had sent for him. As briefly as possible she outlined the situation. Boyd Emerson saw a huge, barrel chested creature whose tremendous muscles bulged beneath his nondescript garments, whose red, upstanding bristle of hair topped a leathery countenance from which gleamed a pair of the most violent eyes Emerson had ever beheld, the dominant expression of which was rage. His voice was hoarse with the echo of drumming rattles. He might have lived forty, sixty years, but every year had been given to the sea; its foaming violence was in his blood.

As the significance of Cherry's words sank into his mind the signs of an un-



NEVER

"I'll give my life to it," holy joy overspread the fisherman's visage, and his hairy paws continued to open and close hungrily.

"Do you mean business?" he bellowed at Emerson. "Can you fight?"

"Yes."

"This gang won't stop at anything," warned Balt.

"Neither will I," affirmed the other, with a scowl and a dangerous down drawing of his lip corners. "I've got to win, so don't waste any time wondering how far I'll go. What I want to know is if you will join my enterprise."

"I'll give my life to it,"

"I knew you would," flashed Cherry. "And if we don't beat Willis Marsh by glory, I'll kill him!" Balt shouted, fully capable of carrying out his threat, for his bloodshot eyes were lit with bitter hatred. Turning to the girl, he said:

"Now give me something to eat. I've been living on dogfish till my belly is full of bones."

Long after Cherry had gone to bed she heard the murmur of their voices.

"It's all arranged," they advised her at the breakfast table. "We leave tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"Tomorrow?" she echoed blankly.

"We start in the morning. We have no time to waste."

She felt a sudden dread at her heart. What if they failed and did not return? What if some untoward peril should overtake them on the outward trip? It was a hazardous journey, and George Balt was the most reckless man on the Bering coast. Emerson's next words added to her alarm:

"We'll catch the mail boat at Katmai."

"Katmai!" she broke in sharply. "You said you were going by the Llan-na route." She turned on Balt angrily. "You know better than to suggest such a thing."

"I didn't suggest it," said Balt. "It's Mr. Emerson's own idea; he insists."

"I shall be dreadfully worried until I know you are safely over," said the girl, a new note of wistful tenderness in her voice.

"Nonsense. We've all taken bigger risks before."

"Do you know," she began hesitatingly, "I've been thinking that perhaps you'd better not take up this enterprise after all."

"Why not?" he asked, with an incredulous stare. "I thought you were enthusiastic on the subject."

"I am. I believe in the proposition thoroughly," Cherry replied, "but—well, I was entirely selfish in getting you started, for it possibly means my own salvation, but—"

"It's my last chance also," Boyd broke in.

"A few days ago you were a stranger; now you are a friend," she said steadily. "One's likes and dislikes grow rapidly when they are not choked by convention. I like you too well to see you do this. You are too good a man to become the prey of those people. Remember George Balt."

"Balt hasn't started yet. For the first time he is a real menace to Willis Marsh."

"Won't you take my advice and reconsider?" urged the girl.

"Listen," said the young man. "I came to this country with a definite purpose in mind, and I had three years in which to work it out. I needed money—God, how I needed money! They may talk about the emptiness of riches and tell you that men labor not for the 'kill,' but for the pursuit. Maybe some of them do, but with me it was gold I needed, gold I had to have, and I didn't care much how I got it so long as I got it honestly. I focused every power upon my desire, but a curse was on me—a curse, nothing less. At first I took misfortune philosophically, but when it came and slept with me I began to rage at it. It was terrifying because my time was shortening, and the last day of grace was rushing toward me."

"Just to show you what luck I played in, at Dawson I found a prospect that would have made most men rich, and, although such a thing had never happened in that locality before, I pinched out. I tried again and again and finally found another mine, only to be robbed of it by the Canadian laws in such a manner that there was not the faintest hope of my ever recovering the property. I finally shifted

"My name became a byword and caused people to laugh, though they shrank from me, for miners and sailors are equally superstitious. No man ever had more opportunities than I, and no man was ever so miserably unfortunate in missing them. In time I became whipped, utterly without hope. Yet almost from habit I fought on and on with my ears deaf to the voices that mocked me."

"And something tells me that I have left that ill omened thing behind at last, and I am going to win!"

"But you're too late," suggested Cherry. "You say your time was up some time ago."

"Perhaps," he returned, staring into the distances. "That's what I was going out to ascertain. I thought I might have a few days of grace allowed me. That's why I can't quit, now that you've set me in motion again, now that you've given me another chance. That's why we leave tomorrow and go by way of the Katmai pass."

(To Be Continued.)

from mining to other ventures, and the town burned. I awoke in a mid-night blizzard to see my chance for a fortune licked up by flames, while the hose of the water from the firemen's hose seemed directed at me, and the voice of the crowd sounded like jeers.

"I was among the first at Nome and staked alongside the discoverers who undertook to put me in right for once; but, although the fellows around me made fortunes in a day, my ground was barren and my bedrock swept clean by that unseen hand which I always felt, but could never avoid. Once a broken snowshoe in a race to the recorder's office lost me a fortune; at another time a corrupt judge plunged me from certainty to despair, and all the while my time was growing shorter and I was growing poorer."

"Two hours after the Topkuk strike was made I drove past the shaft, but the one partner known to me had gone to the cabin to build a fire and the other one lied to me, thinking I was a stranger. I heard afterward that just as I drove away my friend came to the door and called after me, but the day was bitter, and my ears were muffled with fur, while the dry snow beneath the runners shrieked so that it drowned his cries. He chased me for half a mile to make me rich, but the hand of fate lashed my dogs faster and faster, while that hellish screeching outlived his voice. Six hours later Topkuk was history. You've seen stampedes—you understand."

"My name became a byword and caused people to laugh, though they shrank from me, for miners and sailors are equally superstitious. No man ever had more opportunities than I, and no man was ever so miserably unfortunate in missing them. In time I became whipped, utterly without hope. Yet almost from habit I fought on and on with my ears deaf to the voices that mocked me."

"And something tells me that I have left that ill omened thing behind at last, and I am going to win!"

"But you're too late," suggested Cherry. "You say your time was up some time ago."

"Perhaps," he returned, staring into the distances. "That's what I was going out to ascertain. I thought I might have a few days of grace allowed me. That's why I can't quit, now that you've set me in motion again, now that you've given me another chance. That's why we leave tomorrow and go by way of the Katmai pass."

(To Be Continued.)

FAIR CATALOG

OFF THE PRESS

The second annual El Paso Fair and Exposition catalog is off the press and is ready for distribution. The new catalog is an improvement over the one issued last year in a number of ways. It is being sent out to all parts of the southwest by secretary Frank Rich from his office in the Crawford theater building.

DAILY RECORD.

Deaths Filed.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

J. W. Balke, trustee, to Mrs. M. F. Behring, lot 14, block 22, Borachio; consideration, \$30; Jan. 26, 1910.

## AMERICAN IS HELD IN CANANEA JAIL.

Conductor of Train Which Killed Mexican Boy May Be Released Soon—Personal News of the Camp.

Cananea, Mex., Aug. 22.—Conductor Joseph Corrigan is still confined in the local jail. Corrigan was arrested two weeks ago when his train ran over a small boy and cut him in two. Since that time the authorities have been hearing evidence and a few days ago the train which killed the boy was used to illustrate how the accident occurred and the witnesses were given an opportunity to show how the accident happened. The witnesses for the prosecution have testified that the boy was hanging on the car on an iron step, while one, a policeman, testified that he saw the conductor kick the child to his death.

The policeman, Morales, was given an opportunity to show the judge and the jury how the accident occurred and in what manner the boy was killed.

J. I. Cohn testified that the boy was running with the train and that when he caught hold of the swiftly moving car he stumbled and the train jerked him off his feet and threw him under the train. The boy killed, in his opinion, was not the boy seen hanging on the car, and the dead boy was not on the car at all.

The court has considered the testimony favorable to Corrigan, and it is possible that he will soon have his liberty.

Dr. L. D. Rickert is spending a few days in Bisbee and Douglas. Miss Cora Spratt, of the Bisbee post-office force, is the guest of Mrs. W. Bullock.

W. D. Goeck, manager of the lumber department of the Four C's company, has returned from Phoenix.

Word has been received here that Gen. Emilio Kostelitzky is the proud father of a daughter who arrived at his home in Magdalena.

C. D. Kirby had the misfortune to run a nail in his foot Thursday.

Mrs. C. H. Davis has returned from St. Louis, where she has been visiting relatives.

SIERRA BLANCA PERSONALS.

Sierra Blanca, Tex., Aug. 22.—H. G.

Williams has gone to the hot springs near here.

F. W. Jordan and wife, from Houston, are here, having taken charge of the Brown News restaurant.

Louise and Elizabeth Turner have returned home to Del Rio after spending several days here with their brother, W. T. Turner and wife.

Jno. Doko and family, of Del Rio, passed through here en route home after spending several weeks stay with relatives in Midland.

Misses Lizzie and Georgia Black have returned from a trip to Van Horn.

Mrs. M. L. Reed and children have returned home to Del Rio after a week's visit to relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Bond, of Leavenworth, Kas., spent Saturday in the city the guests of Mr. Bond's sister, Mrs. Herbert Nunn and Mrs. Thomas Quigley, en route to Mexico City. Mr. Bond is the present county attorney of Leavenworth county, having been re-nominated at the August Republican primaries for the fourth consecutive time. He expressed surprise at the wonderful growth and improvements in El Paso, which he visited four years ago.

Learn at COLLEGE or BY MAIL

DRAUGHON'S

Practical Business Colleges

21 Years' Success. 100,000 Successful Students. More BANKERS endorse DRAUGHON'S than any other business colleges COMBINED. Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Penmanship, etc. POSITIONS secured. Catalogue FREE. Address R. F. DAVIS, El Paso, Tex., or Douglas, Ariz.

El Paso Pasteur Institute

For Preventive Treatment OF HYDROPHOBIA.

225 SAN ANTONIO STREET. Phone 3346—R. 1. Res. 2457

IN ITS DEALINGS WITH ITS CUSTOMERS FOR THIRTY YEARS THE

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Has demonstrated its purpose in giving depositors every advantage obtained by years of experience and it is a definitely settled policy to study their requirements thus meeting intelligently their needs. Diligence in every department with this end in view has brought success to the bank and its customers alike.

Capital ..... \$ 600,000  
Surplus and Profits ..... 225,000  
Deposits ..... 3,500,000

We cordially invite new business connections. Our new savings department pays 4 per cent on deposits.

OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS UNTIL 8 O'CLOCK.

C. R. MOREHEAD, President.  
JOSEPH MAGOFFIN, V. Pres.  
L. J. GILCHRIST, Asst. Cash.

GEO. D. FLORY, Cashier.  
C. N. BASSETT, Vice Pres.

State National Bank

ESTABLISHED APRIL, 1881.

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS, \$175,000.

A Legitimate Banking Business Transacted in All Its Branches. HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR MEXICAN MONEY.

Rio Grande Valley Bank & Trust Co.

W. W. Turney, Pres.  
S. T. Turner, Vice Pres.  
W. Cooley, V. P. & Mgr.

V. E. Arnold, Cashier.  
F. M. Murchison, Asst. Cashier.  
H. E. Christie, Secy.

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS \$150,000

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS